
T H E

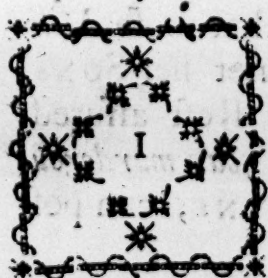
C R I S I S.

NUMBER XXI. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1775. [*Price Two-pence Half-penny.*]

To Lord NORTH.

My LORD,



N the fewest Words I can possibly use (for I will not waste many upon you, who are as CALLOUS as your *Tyrannic Master*) I most heartily congratulate your Lordship upon the *honourable Retreat* of your *immortal and savage Mercenaries* under the Command of your Bully, Colonel SMITH. I am told your *Master* LAUGHS at the Event; you, who know him, know to which of his *amiable Qualities* we are to impute this *heroic Merriment*; whether to his BRUTALITY, his STUPIDITY, or HYPOCRISY. Let him remember, and do you tremble, when I tell your Lordship, that neither of those Qualities will avail him in the Field, however they may be flattered in his *sycophantic Circle* at a *fawning Levee*.

In the subsequent Part of this Paper, I have given a true Reason for the early Prorogation of your *smuggled Parliament*. I have told how much your Lordship and your *Ministerial Gang* feared the Arrival of News from BOSTON, during the Sitting of Parliament.

But why has your Lordship stopped the Publication of this *pleasing News* in your GAZETTE? Why do you wait for the
Arrival

Arrival of the SUKEY? With what DELUSIVE LYE do you intend to cheat the People, who, even *in this Kingdom*, are upon the Eve of *taking Arms*? I tell your Lordship, peremptorily, that they will do so. Though I know, that neither *you*, nor any of your *impolitic, bloody Herd*, from the *Master Butcher* down to his lowest *Slaughterman*, can relent, yet, in the Name of the *People of England*, I charge you all to desist.

Forewarned, forearmed, my Lord, you have now, *most traiterously* opened a Scene of CIVIL WAR in *America*; let me conjure you not to risque one *here*. Turn over the Annals of that weak Tyrant CHARLES the the First? lay them *fairly* (in *Spite of Bute and Mansfield*) before your deluded, infatuated SOVEREIGN, dare to be *honest* in this *dreadful CRISIS*, do not, like a Coward, consult *your own Safety*, but *your Country's*. —Let *Bute and Mansfield* perish; and, if there is a blacker *Parricide*, let *him* fall too; nay, rather fall *yourself*, my Lord, than lend a further Hand to extinguish *Liberty* in this *unhappy Empire*.

Your vain, your wicked Hopes of Conquest in *America*, will most assuredly prove abortive; your *retreating Troops*, your *mercenary Parricides* (*England disclaims the Assassins*) have drawn *Blood* from the *virtuous, the brave, the free Americans*. It is the *Wish*, my Lord, of every *true-born Briton*, that those *Military Hirelings* (who are *England's BASTARDS*, not her *SONS*) may fall a Sacrifice to the Justice of *America*. Rest assured, my Lord, that they will be cut in Pieces before your *murderous Reinforcement*, under that *necessitous Tool*, BURGOYNE, can possibly arrive.

That every Reinforcement for such *inhuman, unnatural, and unjust Purposes*, may share the same Fate, and that *STRUGGLING America* may at last be *free*, or, *if enslaved*, that *SHE* may disdain to be *enslaved* by her *tyrannic Parent*, is the *pious Prayer* of every *virtuous Briton*, and the most fervent *Wish* of

C A S C A.

P. S. Though his Holiness, the POPE, may probably order his *Children* at *Quebec* to sing *Te Deum* upon your Lordship's late or future *Success* against your Fellow-Subjects in *America*, yet it may not be quite so prudent that it should be sung by the *hypocritical Choir* at *St. James's*, by Way of blinding People *here*, from whom the *Truth* cannot long remain a Secret:—Let me give your Lordship one more friendly Hint before we part;
do

do not disgrace your SOVEREIGN AGAIN, by suffering him to return PUBLIC THANKS by his SECRETARY AT WAR, to his *Military Cut-Throats in America*, as he did to those who murdered his innocent Subjects, for their foolish Curiosity in St. George's Fields.—And now, my Lord, “*To Dinner—with what Appetite you may.*”

Remarks on his Majesty's last *most Gracious* (I had like to have said infamous) *Speech*, to both Houses of Parliament.

Friday, May 26, 1775

NO Prince can be more ASTONISHED at the humble Supplications of *injured Subjects* than I am at the shameful Negligence of *Charles Eyre* and *William Strahan*, Printers to the King's most excellent Majesty. I am sorry to say that his Majesty's last *Speech* is by far the fullest of *Typographical Errors* of any since the Revolution. These Errors will seem palpable and obvious to every Reader, who is not ignorant of the present *critical State of Great Britain and America*. The royal Printers are the less excusable for want of due attention, as a *Royal Speech* is no ordinary Composition, it originates from *Bute*, is trimmed up by *Mansfield*, adopted by *North* and pronounced by a *Royal Orator*; but as it is at last submitted to the Inspection of the Public, it must, like other Human Compositions, undergo the Public Censure.

Errata, Notes, and Queries.

“*My entire Satisfaction in your Conduct.*”—Quere, Whether there is one honest Man, in England *entirely satisfied* with the conduct of the Parliament except his Majesty.

“*During the Course of this important Session.*”—The Epithet *important* recalls to my mind a Passage in *Addison's Cato*— viz.
 ————“*the great th' important Day,*
 “*Big with the Fate of Cato, and of Rome.*”

“*The Rights of my Crown.*”—Here is an unpardonable Omission of the Printers,—after the word [*the*] insert the word [*despotic* ;] alluding to the late assent to *illegal Taxation, Murder, Famine, Popery, &c.*

Authority

“ Authority of Parliament”] before the word [*Authority,*] insert these words, [*legal and constitutional.*]

“ You have protected and promoted the *Commercial Interests* of my Kingdoms”—Namely by stopping by every *inhuman means*, the former intercourse between *England* and *America*.—by prohibiting, ruining, and losing, (perhaps for ever,) a most important Fishery, with all its Advantages to this Kingdom, and to AMERICA in general; without which none of our West India Colonies, or their Millions of Slaves can possibly subsist, without which, many Thousands of Souls, on the Continent of America, must perish.

N. B. This Royal Compliment to our *most virtuous and incorrupt Parliament*, is intended as a *second Snub* to the City of *London*, for their late ASTONISHING Petition. Here I detect the Pen of the Lord Chief Justice of England.

“ As far as the *Constitution* will allow you”—That is to say, as far as *Bute's* and *Mansfield's* unconstitutional Notions of the Constitution will allow; according to them, it allows only of these two alternatives, *Tyranny* or *Death*; *America* may take her Choice. Every Remonstrance, Petition, and Supplication of AMERICA, has been *spurn'd* by King, Lords, and Commons, two conciliatory Plans, upon *Constitutional*, *Free*, *just*, and *Honourable Principles*, have been rejected in each House. The inhuman *Ministerial Parricides*, should remember, however, that a conciliatory Plan may be gladly embraced again by *Tyrants*, when offered in the Field, like the *great one* in *Rummy Mead*, let them remember too, that upon the breaking out of a *Civil War*, in this Country, *Corruption* will not be able to secure to them the bravest Part, even of the *Standing Army*; not one of the *Constitutional Militia*; nor a single *General*, equal to those honourable Men, who have already refused to bathe their Swords in the Blood of the spirited Americans. Above all, let these *Tyrants* remember that the Hearts of the People throughout the whole *English Empire* are set against them.—BLOOD will have BLOOD, they say.

“ Gratify the Wishes”] For [*the*] read *my*.

“ Remove the *Apprehensions*.”] For [*Apprehensions*] read [*pretensions,*] namely, to *Liberty*, *Property*, and *Life*.

“ Of my Subjects in *America*.”] For *Subjects* read [*Objects,*]—i. e. *Objects* of *Indignation*, *Revenge*, and *Tyranny*, &c.—not of *Mercy*, or *Humanity*.

"The most *salutary Effects*] For [*Salutary*,] read [*Sanguinary*]

"The late mark of your *Affectionate Attachment*" For *Affectionate* read [*affected*.]—This Passage alludes to the grant of *Somerset House* to the King, to reimburse his provident and frugal Majesty, for his *immense profusion* of the *Public Money*; dissipated with the greatest Taste, Elegance, and patriotic Pains, in the most costly puerile, superfluities of Toys, Baubles, Nick-nacks, Whim-wams &c. &c. in and about the *Queen's Palace*.—It looks like another Palace of Semiramis.—*Hoc novum est Aucupium!* Supplies under such pretences, and for such Princely and Meritorious Purposes, is a new Species of Ministerial Gullery, not to say Impudence.

"I have great Reason to expect the continuance of Peace." after the word [*have*] insert the word, [*no*]

"Nothing on my Part *consistent*," Instead of [*consistent*] read *inconsistent*.

"It gives *me* much concern" after the word [*me*] insert the word [*not*]

"For the several *Services* of the current Year" Instead of [*Services*] read *Devices*.

"Discernment of their *true Interests*" Instead of [*true*] read [*new*] meaning the *new and different Interests* from what their *foolish Ancestors* had at the glorious Revolution. As the Crown and its Ministers have *new Views*, and *new Modes* of Government the People may well be supposed to have *new Interests*, since that *whiggish Period*, when the *true Interest* of the King and People were so much mistaken by a set of *wild Enthusiasts* called *Patriots*. A Name which Doctor *Johnson*, in his Dictionary, says, is to be found in the Dictionary only; the Doctor at that Time little thought of writing an infamous Pamphlet under that Name.

"My *faithful and beloved People*" By this distinguishing and respectful Epithet [*faithful*,] must be meant the *faithful Majority* of Lords and Commons.—in the wheedling Epithet [*beloved*] this Majority is also certainly included—But the stiff-necked, patriotic Ministry, the plaintive City of London, the injured Subjects in general, and the brave *Americans* in particular, (not forgetting their truly noble Friend LORD EFFINGHAM,) are most certainly excepted. As to the *firm Americans*, it is impossible that they should be comprised in these *tender Terms*; because his Majesty is most graciously pleased to intimate, a little before that

that if his firm and steady Parliament had not, with a firm and steady Resolution, devoted that Part of his Majesty's Subjects to Destruction, the Rights of his Crown, the Authority of Parliament, and the Commercial Interests of his Kingdoms, could not be maintained, protected and promoted.—The necessary Inference from these words is, that nothing can maintain, protect, or promote, the *true Interests* of the BRITISH EMPIRE, but *Popery, Sword, and Famine*, I may add TYRANNY, and TAXATION.—If the above *sugared Words*, [*faithful and beloved*] are extended generally, they must be looked upon as *Springs* to catch *Woodcocks*, they remind me of that shrew'd Reflection which SHAKESPEARE puts into the Mouth of *Hotspur*, upon King Henry's SWEET WORDS, to that young *Hero*, whilst his Majesty was *cajoling* him, (as he says,) like a fawning Greyhound—viz.

“———what a deal of candied Courtesy!

“Gentle Harry Percy!—and kind Cousin!

“O! the Devil take such Cczeners!”

Q.—Whether this early *Prorogation* is not as truly symptomatic as the Minister's Fears, as the sudden Dissolution was of the last *infamous Parliament*? This early prorogation (by *Mansfield's* advice) shews, that after all the foul mouth'd, bullying, insolence, of a *Tyrannic Administration*, they dare not protract the Session of Parliament any longer for fear of hearing *news* from AMERICA (which they could not conceal) during that Session. This *Vacation*, therefore, is artfully contrived to give breath to a *confused, distracted, and trembling ADMINISTRATION*; at the opening of the next Session of Parliament, (if this vile ADMINISTRATION lives so long) we may (under *Bute's* and *Mansfield's* auspices) expect some curious State Manœuvre, ready cut and dryed. I will venture to Prophecy with more certainty than Lord SANDWICH, Lord DENBIGH, or any other MINISTERIAL BULLY, in the GANG, that we shall, at last see, not a rational political Gratification of the wishes; but a pitiful, mean, contemptible, and dastardly SUBMISSION, (by downright CONPULSION) to the JUST DEMANDS of AMERICA. I call upon my Countrymen, to remember, that so insignificant an Individual as CASCIA, now foretells that neither the present ADMINISTRATION, nor, (as I fear) the present REIGN will end till they have supplied Matter for a dreadful and most exemplary Record in the BRITISH ANNALS.

C A S C A.

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